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To Allen Philip Hill
with the regards of
Wm Preble Jones

Two Loyal Bostonians

Oct. 2, 1929

WILLIAM EDWARD JONES

AND

ELLEN FRANCES PREBLE

Bostonians

BY

WILLIAM PREBLE JONES

Somerville, Massachusetts
1929

To the Family and Friends

The present pamphlet telling the story of my parents has been prepared in fulfilment of what I have long regarded as a filial obligation and is intended primarily for the information of their descendants. It is only fair that the personality, the character and the sacrifices of those who have done so much for the present generation should be known and appreciated by those who come after them.

I knew my mother as few sons know a parent. For nearly forty-four years till her death in 1913, we lived together. Those of you, then, who were intimately acquainted with her can appreciate the difficulty — the impossibility — of adequately describing her life and character.

My father was drowned when I was scarcely three years old, so that my personal knowledge of and actual acquaintance with him were necessarily very limited. From my mother and other relatives I secured most of my information about him. Diaries, newspaper clippings, letters and scrapbooks have also contributed their share.

Possibly some of the details and incidents here related may appear too trivial or too personal to be told in print. We must realize, however, that the lives of most of us are made up of small things. It is the trials, — the every-day work, the deprivations that go to make up character.

Portions of our family history I have already published in the pamphlet entitled "John Preble of Machias and His Descendants." Along our other ancestral lines I have gathered material which I hope eventually to publish.

WILLIAM PREBLE JONES
13 Maple Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

September, 1929

1986726

ELLEN FRANCES (PREBLE) JONES
From a photograph taken at Northampton, August 26, 1907, on her sixty-fifth birthday, in the full flower of her mature womanhood.

Two Loyal Bostonians

William Edward Jones

and

Ellen Frances Preble

Some of Their Ancestry

My father, William Edward Jones, was half Welsh (his name denotes as much) and the other half New Hampshire Yankee. My mother, Ellen Frances Preble, was a New Englander on both sides of the family since the early days of the Massachusetts colonies.

Both of my parents were Boston born and Boston bred. Bostonians they were to the very core of their being.

They were born in the same year, 1842. Their homes were in the famous old West End section of the city. They both went to school in Boston. Historic Boston Common was their playground and they grew up in the patriotic and literary atmosphere of the neighorbood. Both of them worked in Boston, coming to maturity during the momentous period of the Civil War. They were married in Boston. Their whole lives were spent within three miles of the State House. And for forty years my mother was a teacher in the Boston public schools.

Their parents were newcomers to that historic city, but they were all of them, my grandparents and parents alike, as loyal Bostonians as though their race had resided

there for generations. For nearly two hundred years their ancestors had been strangers to the place. Yet it so happens that both parents had ancestors among the very first settlers who arrived in Boston in the summer of 1630.

My Welsh grandfather, William Jones, came to this country about 1830 or soon after. What and how I learned about his ancestry is a story by itself.

He was the oldest or very near the oldest of eleven children, including ten stalwart sons and one daughter, the baby of the family. His parents were John Evans and Ann Williams. Following a peculiar old Welsh custom, the children took as their surname the Christian name of the father, with the result that all of John Evans' children were called Jones, that being the plural or possibly the possessive of John. Inasmuch as John is the most commonly used Christian name, is it any wonder then, in the light of this custom, that Jones is generally regarded as the typical Welsh name?

My New Hampshire grandmother, Hannah Drew (Hill) Jones, was descended from John Hill who settled in Dover, N. H., as early as 1649, but was probably in Boston before that time. She was a daughter of Trueworthy Hill and Ruth Mathes and a granddaughter of Benjamin Hill and Elizabeth Dudley.

Benjamin Hill was a Revolutionary soldier who died in the service of his country at Ticonderoga in 1776. His wife, Elizabeth Dudley, was descended from Thomas Dudley, second governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who came over with Governor Winthrop in the great migration of 1630.

Other ancestral lines of Hannah Hill were the Gilmans, the Mathes or Mathews families, Shapleighs, Trewórgys or Trueworthys, Gordons, Lords, Haleys, Strongs, Nelsons and Clarkes, nearly all of them among the earliest settlers of New Hampshire and adjacent parts of the Maine coast.

On my mother's side, the Preble ancestry I have already traced in detail in an earlier publication. Her father was Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble, who was descended from

Abraham Preble, the immigrant ancestor, and Judith Tilden, through their grandson, Brigadier-General Jedidiah Preble. N. C. A. Preble was the youngest of eleven children of John Preble, of Machias, the grandson of Jedidiah.

Her mother was Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, descended from Sylvester and Susannah Eveleth who were in Boston as early as 1642 and later settled in Gloucester. The line of descent was through their son, Joseph Eveleth, the "Centenarian," who was one of the jurors in the Salem witchcraft trials.

Grandmother Sarah Bartlett (Eveleth) Preble was the daughter of Perkins Eveleth and Lydia Collins True, and the granddaughter of Captain Nathaniel Eveleth, a Revolutionary soldier, who was town clerk of New Gloucester, Maine, for forty-two years, and a member of its board of selectmen for thirty-seven years. Her other grandfather was Jabez True. Our Eveleth, True and Collins ancestors were among the founders of that town, many of whom migrated from old Gloucester on Cape Ann in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Nine, at least, of my mother's ancestral families settled in old Gloucester before the year 1660 and were living there at that time. These included the Eveleths, Vinsons, Browns, Tybbots, Parsons and Haskells on her mother's side and the Collins, Riggs and Milletts on her father's side.

Her earliest ancestors in this country were Nathaniel and Lydia Tilden who settled in Scituate in the Plymouth colony in 1628, and whose daughter Judith married Abraham Preble; and John and Mary Greenaway, who settled in Dorchester in June, 1630.

And so I could go on to relate the ancestry of my parents. But that story I hope to give more in detail in a later publication. At present I am presenting just enough of their background to suggest their origin.

William Edward Jones

Boyhood and Manhood in Boston

William Edward Jones was born in Boston, November 9, 1842. In his thirtieth year, in the vigor and promise of young manhood, he was drowned at Walpole, N. H., July 26, 1872. Besides the widow, he left three small sons, five years, three years and fifteen months old respectively.

He was the only child of William Jones, who was born in North Wales in 1796, and Hannah Drew Hill, born in Epping, N. H., November 1, 1810. His parents were married in August, 1841, presumably in Epping, in the ancestral home which is still standing. Prior to her marriage, his mother had worked for some time in a store in Boston, "down near Broad street," and had lived in the home of her brother, Benjamin Hill on old Fort Hill.

In all probability my father's birthplace was on Milton street, a narrow lane off Spring street, for that is where some of his old cousins told me he was born and that is where he lived in early childhood. Later the family moved to 106 Leverett street, just below Spring street, near the Charles river. Then a great tidal stream, the Charles had a vastly different shore line from what is now presented. Boston was still a pear-shaped peninsula and the Back Bay, instead of being a densely populated residential or business section, was a broad expanse of salt water, — an inland sea across which the summer breezes blew from the hills of Brookline to Boston Common and the slopes of Beacon Hill.

The house was set back from the street and in the front yard Grandmother Hannah Jones had her well-kept flower garden. In this Leverett street house the family was still living when my father went to war in 1862, and there my old Welsh grandfather, after a long period of invalidism, died in 1864.

Afterward my father and his widowed mother moved into another house not far away at 2½ Vernon street, a name subsequently changed to Willard street, and the number changed to No. 9. Father took a lease of the property from the owner, Charles Cullis, M. D., who maintained a consumptives' hospital in the next adjoining building. For awhile there were two families in the house. Shortly before his marriage, June 18, 1866, father requested the other family to vacate and fixed over the whole house for his own family occupancy. In this house my elder brother, Edward Lincoln Jones, was born February 17, 1867. The little family continued to reside there till they removed to Somerville, February 12, 1869.

As a small boy my father attended the primary school on Milton street. From there he went to the Phillips grammar school, on the side of Beacon Hill, graduating in 1858, in his sixteenth year and receiving with ten other boys the coveted Franklin medal for scholarship.

In September after graduation he went to work for A. L. Cutler & Co., "wholesale dealers in paints, oils and varnishes, drugs, medicines and dyestuffs," as one of his business cards shows. The business was then located at 43 India street, later at 156-158 State street. With this firm he remained as bookkeeper and cashier till he entered the army in 1862 as a member of the Eleventh Massachusetts Light Battery and after his return he continued with them till the fall of 1863. He then engaged as entry clerk for Gardner, Pratt and Mackintire, wholesale dealers in fancy goods and small wares at 44-46 Franklin street, and was with them till October, 1865.

In a letter written November 23, 1865, to his Welsh cousin, Thomas Lloyd Williams, of Racine, Wisconsin, the only relative on his father's side that we have ever known to be in this country, although he had scores of cousins in England and Wales, he gives a little personal history.

"Since I received your last letter," he says, "I have been so busy that I had no time to write you. I am now, however, where I have more time. I was kept constantly employed while at Gardner, Pratt and Mackintire's and had frequently during the busy season to stay and write nights, but a few weeks since I left there and went to my present place at Messrs. Davis Bros. & Co., where my work is much

lighter and for which I receive better pay. I like it so far and I think I shall make it a permanent thing."

"My mother's health is not good at all, though I trust it will be better. We are not living on Leverett street. We are on Vernon street. It was thought the old place was unhealthy, but whether it was or not I think our present house is healthy enough."

Davis Bros. & Co. conducted a leather commission business on High street, and my father remained there as confidential clerk and bookkeeper from November, 1865, till his death in July 1872. He was highly esteemed by his employers for his ability and his loyalty, and when one of the partners, William W. Davis, became ill and his brother, the other partner, J. Alba Davis, accompanied him to Europe, my father took charge of the finances of the firm during the year or more of their absence. William Davis died at Mentone, in southern France, and J. Alba continued the business.

J. Alba Davis was a good friend to our family long after father's death, remembering us with books at Christmas, and for a score of years a heavily-framed life-sized crayon portrait of my father hung on the wall of the office of Davis Bros. where I saw it many times in my early manhood as I passed through High street near Federal street. Just before his death, father had taken his Knight Templar degrees, and as Mr. Davis was a sir knight, my mother gave to him father's Knight Templar watch charm which he continued to carry till it had been worn smooth. Years afterward Mr. Davis returned it to the family for some of the later generations to wear if they became so entitled.

Like many other boys and young men of the time, father was keenly interested in public affairs and politics generally. The slavery question, the rendition of Anthony Burns, which greatly excited the minds of the people of Boston where that historic incident took place, secession and finally the Civil War, in which nearly every family was represented, were all subjects of every-day discussion.

Little old Carrie Hill, a cousin of my father who died a few years ago in Charlestown, and daughter of Benjamin Hill, said: "I remember Aunt Hannah exclaiming to your father: 'Why, Willie Jones! You don't mean to say that

WILLIAM EDWARD JONES
From an ambrotype taken when he was eighteen years old and given to his mother on Fast Day, April 4, 1861.

you saw Charles Sumner and talked with him?' Your father was always great for going to political meetings and seeing the prominent men who were discussing public questions."

Apparently my father took his religious affiliations very seriously, judging from his various memberships and his activities in all of them. As a boy he attended the Bowdoin Street Congregational Church till its disbandment in 1862. After that he went to the Chambers Street Chapel, of which he was a member, the chapel being maintained as a mission of the Old South Church. His father in the years of his activity had been a regular attendant of the Park Street Church, known as "Brimstone Corner" on account of its warm type of preaching.

When a mere lad, father joined the Boston Y. M. C. A., which was founded in 1851, the first in the United States. We have his certificate of associate membership in that organization dated February 26, 1856, when he was a few months past thirteen years old, the certificate bearing the written signatures of Jacob Sleeper, president, and Stephen G. Deblois, treasurer. This was less than five years after the Boston organization was formed.

The original Young Men's Christian Association was organized in London, England, in 1844 by George Williams. More than half a century later, in May, 1903, I had the privilege of interviewing the founder of that great movement, Sir George Williams, then an octogenarian, at the establishment of Hitchcock and Williams at St. Paul's Church Yard in London.

A similar certificate of father's associate membership in the Boston Y. M. C. A., dated January 25, 1860, is signed by Alden Spear, president, and Stephen G. Deblois, treasurer. He still held his membership in the association in 1862, and on March 25 of that year he took part in a dialogue, "Southern Chivalry," as one of the soldiers, at a public exhibition of the literary class of the association at its rooms in Tremont Temple . In 1863-4-5-6 he was a member of the standing committee of the association representing the Chambers Street church. A letter to him dated January 23, 1865, from A. H. Chapman, recording secretary of the association, tells of the action of the standing committee, "which unanimously voted not to accept your resignation from the committee and earnestly requesting you to withdraw the same." He was one of a committee of six on

arrangements for the eleventh annual exhibition of the literary class of the association in Tremont Temple, Wednesday, May 17, 1865. His subcommittees of the standing committee included visitation of the sick, tract distribution and chairmanship of the committee on devotional meetings.

In 1867, William E. Jones was recording secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A., and in 1871-2, while living in Somerville, he was still a sustaining member.

Besides active membership in the Eleventh Battery as late as 1865, the church and the Y. M. C. A., I find receipts for his annual assessment in the Young Men's Benevolent Society for the year November, 1864-November, 1865, signed by F. W. Lincoln, treasurer; and various receipts for quarterly dues in Naiad Temple of Honor, No. 15, in 1866, and subsequently, which Temple met every Thursday evening at Lurline Hall, 3 Winter street. Also he was a member of the board of directors of the Boston Shoe and Leather Clerks' Association.

The records of the Broadway Congregational Church, Somerville, show that William E. Jones and wife joined that organization by letter November 5, 1869, the same year that they removed to Somerville.

His Masonic connections began with his initiation into the Massachusetts lodge, which had been chartered May 12, 1770, when Joseph Warren was grand master. He received his entered apprentice's degree on June 17, 1867; his fellow craft degree September 16, 1867; his Master Mason's degree November 7, 1867, and was admitted to full membership in the lodge on January 20, 1868. Charles O. Fox was master of the lodge at the time. Fifty years afterward in 1918, I had the pleasure and satisfaction of meeting the veteran Past Master Fox; also paying a fraternal visit to that ancient lodge, raising a candidate, and meeting two or three of the other veterans who knew my father and my Grandfather Preble as fellow members of the lodge.

Father received his degrees in Somerville Royal Arch Chapter in 1871, and in Coeur de Lion commandery, Knights Templar, in Charlestown in 1872, both of which had been recently organized. It will be interesting to some to know that he received all of his chapter and commandery degrees on the same nights as our old friend and high school master, George L. Baxter. Taking some of the chapter degrees with them were Charles G. Pope, Selwyn Z. Bowman, Oren S.

Knapp, Sears Condit and others prominent in later Somerville history.

He received his final orders in Coeur de Lion commandery on July 16, 1872, ten days before his death, and he was the first member of the organization to answer the call from above.

A card in a scrap book dated January 30, 1864, two months after he became twenty-one years old, gives the weight of William E. Jones as 141 pounds and his height as 5 feet, 11 inches. His physique was about the same at the time of his death, eight and one-half years later. Possibly he may have weighed a little more, about 145 to 148. Tall and slight, he stood erect. As a small boy, his hair was auburn, turning to black as he approached manhood. It was exceedingly kinky and curly, a fact that distressed him greatly, and often he tried in vain to brush out the curls. At the time of his death it had become slightly tinged with gray. His eyes were a gray-blue. His head was large, his features well-formed, and his general appearance was strikingly attractive.

Soldier in the Civil War

Early in his young manhood father became interested in military affairs as most of the fellows did in those stirring days when nearly every family was represented in the army or navy. Just when he joined the militia I have been unable to learn, but he appears to have been a member of the Boston Light Artillery for some time before that organization was mustered into the army as the Eleventh Massachusetts Light Battery for its nine months' service from August, 1862 to May, 1863.

With Edward J. Jones, a prominent young lawyer as captain, the Battery went into training at Camp Meigs, Readville, Mass., and remained there till they moved south to Virginia where they spent the fall, winter and spring. They had a hard time of it that winter, but saw little active fighting, — chasing the "rebels" occasionally and trying to keep themselves from freezing.

A newspaper clipping shows that when the Eleventh Battery left Camp Meigs for the seat of war, among the gunners and chiefs of caissons with the rank of corporal

was William E. Jones. August 25, 1862, was the date of his appointment as corporal "of a company of light artillery in the First Brigade, First Division of the Volunteer Militia of Massachusetts."

Apparently he was still in the militia after the return of the Battery from its nine months' enlistment, for he was called to duty at the time of the draft riot in July, 1863, some two months afterward. I think he still continued his active connection with the Battery for several years, although, on account of the serious illness of his father and the young soldier being the sole support of the family, he was unable to re-enlist for the three-year term, much as he desired.

It was a hard winter, 1862-3, that the soldiers spent in Virginia. The late Charles O. Pratt, of Somerville, the only one of my father's comrades in the Eleventh Battery with whom I was ever personally acquainted, told me something of their experiences.

"We were encamped at Centreville," he said, "and it was one of the coldest winters ever known. There was a very heavy snow storm and bad weather prevailed, causing a lot of discomfort to the soldiers.

"The Battery had been encamped at Union Mills, but in December, 1862, I believe it was that month, we moved to Centreville and remained there till we went home in the spring. The Battery was the right flank of the Army of the Potomac. It was on the outer line of the defenses of Washington and was in a very perilous position, sending out pickets in advance, opposed to Moseby's Guerillas. It was in March that the Guerillas broke through and captured General Stoughton. The Battery was continually expecting to go into action. Often we got into position at night at the fork of the roads waiting for daylight and thinking that Moseby would come out and fight.

"At one time Moseby made a raid and the infantry turned out to meet him and, when they got back to their quarters, found that Moseby had come during their absence and carried off everything he wanted, while the infantry was out looking for him. Then at other times the Guerillas would make a raid and when our men went after them all they would find was a lot of farmers hoeing in the fields, doubtless the same men who had made the raid."

One of our family keepsakes is a letter written by my father to his mother from Fairfax Station, Va., Sunday, November 30, 1862, beginning "My Dear Mother, and now dearer than ever."

In it he speaks of a long and hard march, during which he was about thirty-six hours, including Thanksgiving Day in the saddle. "Now it is all past," he adds, "I must say we had an awful hard time marching two days and one night, right straight along without rest. Our men bore it like heroes, — no murmuring or despondency, but we were very much disappointed in our style of spending Thanksgiving."

Their holiday dinner, he says, was hard bread and cold water. They pitched their tents that night and had hard bread and coffee. "After we had got safely camped," he continues, "I think we had as much cause for being thankful as any one at home."

The men were all looking forward to the boxes of food that were coming from home and father in particular was thinking of "How nice that barberry sauce will be," which his mother was sending.

Evidently when this letter was written, the men had just been paid off for the first time for several months. Father had got down to "about fifty cents and half of that was in postage stamps." But the paymaster had been around and father was sending his mother "a draft for about $80, which you can deposit to your account and then draw when you want it."

"You need not fear for me on account of being guidon, as there is no more danger in one post than in another. Am sorry that father has been so sickly and hope he will be better soon."

"Captain Jones and I sleep together now. We take some hay and put it on the ground of our tent and spread my rubber blanket and our two red ones under us; and over us we have his two and my one woolen blanket and also my rubber one, so you can see we are warm. We cuddle up and do sleep comfortably."

The letter is signed "Willie, same as ever, no matter where I am."

Let me add as my own footnote to this letter that the name "Willie" did not always carry the soft effeminate significance that modern slang has given it any more

than the name "Jimmie," for instance, does now. Times were, not so long ago, when the nicknames of Jim and Dick and Bill were regarded as insulting, so changeable are the styles in names.

Some of his spare time during that Virginia winter, father spent with the other soldiers searching the battlefields for relics. Souvenir collecting, it would appear, is an inherited or inheritable family trait. A number of these relics we still possess, among them a silver three-cent piece which father picked up on the battlefield of Bull Run (Manassas) and sent to his cousin Annie Davis in New Hampshire and which years afterwards she presented to me.

Boston Draft Riot, July, 1863

Although in active army service from August, 1862 to May, 1863, father saw almost as much real fighting in the streets of Boston during the historic draft riot in July, 1863, as he did in Virginia. The Eleventh Battery which had not yet returned to the South for its three-year enlistment, was in the thick of the affair, and as a member of the organization, father was an active participant in the events of that exciting week.

Among the foreign element in the large cities and with the "Copperheads" and the slackers, the draft was highly unpopular and was vigorously resisted. In New York City the rioting resulted in the sacrifice of hundreds of lives and the destruction of several million dollars worth of property before order was restored. Rioting began in New York a day before it did in Boston. Consequently Mayor Lincoln, Governor Andrew and the Federal authorities had some warning of the danger and were able to take precautions to quell the disturbances with the full strength of the military forces.

Practically all of the available troops from the forts in the harbor and the nearby camps were posted about the city, but it was the summary action of the Eleventh Battery which fired its cannon loaded with canister into the crowded street, followed by the musketry and the charging by some of the other troops, that stunned the rioters and checked the incipient insurrection.

The Eleventh Battery was stationed at the time at its armory on Cooper street in the North End, a few hun-

dred feet from Haymarket square in the very centre of the riotous elements. The story has often been told, but a brief description by a member of the Battery published some years ago in a local newspaper may be worth repetition. Charles O. Pratt, of Somerville, previously mentioned, a comrade of my father, and one of my own personal friends, who served in both the nine-months and the three-years' enlistments, briefly told the story as follows:—

"Thousands of men were in that great mob declaring that they would never be drafted or serve in the Union army. The mob were bent upon sacking the gun and ammunition stores, and resisting the government by force of arms, and it was only canister shot fired from the guns of the old Eleventh Massachusetts Battery at their armory in Cooper street, Boston, that drove the mob to their homes and brought quietness out of a reign of terror.

"Other troops were on duty guarding the different gun stores, but none had occasion to use their weapons except the Eleventh, and they only after every window in their armory had been broken by rocks and stones thrown by the mob in their attempt to capture our cannon and use them to defeat the government, if possible, by armed force."

Fortunately my father kept a diary of the week's events, from which the following quotations are taken:—

Tuesday, July 14, 1863. Rainy and disagreeable. In the afternoon the mob began to gather at the North End. As a precautionary measure, Mayor Lincoln ordered our battery to our armory under arms, to remain all night, where we met at 6.30 or 7 o'clock. There was quite a gathering outside the armory, but no demonstration was as yet made.

At 7.30 p. m., two companies of heavy artillery arrived, and were stoned while entering our armory. After their arrival, the stoning from outside became general. The large window over the Cooper-street door was soon completely destroyed, and the bricks and paving stones were flying amongst us in a very uncomfortable manner.

About this time news was brought in that they were killing one of our lieutenants outside. A platoon of the heavy artillery under Major Cabot, charged through Cooper street on the double quick, and, after firing into the mob, captured Lieutenant Sawin [of the battery], and returned with him to the armory, followed by the mob. After this they went out and charged in the mob several times, but were compelled to retire, the mob constantly increasing.

At this time they began to attempt to break through the big door. Just previous to this, Captain Edward J. Jones [of the battery] and Major Cabot went out on the sidewalk and told the mob that their movements would be submitted to no longer, and that if they did not cease their demonstration and return home, we should fire upon

them. Captain J. and Major C. then came inside. The crowd then commenced their attack on the big door, shouting, "Clean them out; kill the damned Yankees," etc.

As they had nearly destroyed the big door, the order was given to fire, and it was done, killing several. The crowd scattered, but soon rallied on three sides (the firing of the cannon put out all the lights, and we were in total darkness), and attacked us, but were kept at bay by the musketry. At this time I received a bullet through my hat, but fortunately escaped without any serious wounds. Was hit several times with bricks.

A scattered firing from both parties was kept up till 12 midnight, when the Lancers and other troops came down, and we retired from the building. Were marched through the streets, and then up to Faneuil Hall square, and there remained till morning, and then went to breakfast.

Wednesday, July 15. After breakfast I went home and stayed an hour, and then returned to Faneuil Hall square. Stayed there all night, sleeping on the sidewalk. Had supper at the Quincy House.

Thursday, July 16. Pleasant. In the morning breakfast at the Quincy House. Home at 12 noon; stayed till 4 p. m. Supper at Quincy House. Slept in Faneuil Hall.

Friday, July 17. At 9 o'clock our guns were taken up to the city stables, and we were dismissed till night. At 12 noon I went to normal school exhibition, and after that went to the store. From the store came home to supper, and then to South End [city stables]; remained all night.

Saturday, July 18. In morning to breakfast at Adams House, and then dismissed till night. In the evening we met, and remained at the stables all night.

Sunday, July 19. Very rainy morning. Down to Adams House. I left after breakfast, and went home. To Sunday school at noon. Cleared up about 11 a. m. To Chambers-Street chapel in the afternoon, and then up to the South End, and from there I went to Chambers-Street chapel Sunday school concert. Did not return to the South End that night. Text in the afternoon: "Ho! every one that thirsteth."

Monday, July 20. Pleasant. In morning dropped in to Wells school a short time to exhibition. [Schools did not close then till midsummer.] In the evening went to the city stables.

Tuesday, July 21. Arose at 5.30 a. m. At 6.30 left city stables; marched to Adams House. At 7 had an excellent breakfast. Home; changed my clothes; put on my citizen's dress and went to the store. At 9.30 I went to the Phillips school exhibition.

From the above extracts, it would appear that the writer of the diary was on guard all Tuesday night, first at the Cooper-street armory, and later in Faneuil Hall square; slept on the sidewalk in Faneuil Hall square Wednesday night; slept in Faneuil Hall Thursday night; remained at the city stables Friday and Saturday nights; at home Sunday night; and at the city stables Monday night.

WILLIAM EDWARD JONES
In his Civil War uniform as a member of the Eleventh Massachusetts Light Battery. From a daguerreotype taken probably in 1862, in his twentieth year.

It was a strenuous week for the soldiers, and also for the whole city of Boston. Besides the protection of the troops and police that were on duty in the thickly-settled parts of the city, the bridges and all the approaches from the suburbs were guarded by soldiers and the home guards. Mobs formed in different parts of the North End, and threatened other sections of the city, but they were dispersed without great difficulty.

I remember my uncle, William P. Hill, used to tell about being on guard at the West Boston bridge, where the new Longfellow bridge is now located.

The firing of the cannon through the door of the Cooper-street armory, the musketry, and the presence of large bodies of soldiers under arms had a salutary effect; and, although the people were in a state of terror for several days, prompt and heroic action saved the city from great destruction of life and property similar to that which was then taking place in New York.

A number of the rioters were arrested and charged with murder. In the celebrated case of Commonwealth vs. Campbell charged in an indictment with the crime of murder and tried before the Supreme Judicial Court in December, 1863, William E. Jones was a witness and testified to some of the facts mentioned in his diary.

A Vacation with a Tragic Ending

The families of William E. Jones and Uncle William P. Hill went to Drewsville in the northern part of the town of Walpole, N. H., about July 18, 1872, for their vacation which they spent with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Lovell, a young couple who lived in a farmhouse facing the common in that pretty little village. Mr. Lovell was a member of a well-known Walpole family and his wife was Julia Chandler, of a prosperous family residing in the adjoining town of Alstead.

The three young men spent a week of out-door enjoyment, with several fishing trips to nearby streams and lakes. On Thursday the various families went on a picnic to one of the neighboring lakes, but the fishermen of the party had such poor luck that they decided to try again the next morning, hoping to get a mess for breakfast, in Cold River, a small stream that flows through the village.

Up at daybreak on the following morning, Friday, July

26, they started on the trip from which two of them did not return. I had slept with my father that night in a chamber in the rear of the house and one of my few recollections of him was when he kissed me goodbye and I saw the light of the rising sun against the coarse lattice of the blinds. My next and last remembrance of him was when my mother lifted me up to see his face as he lay in his coffin in the front room of the Drewsville farm house.

The Boston Morning Journal of Monday, July 29, 1872, printed the following:—

SAD ACCIDENT—**Two Persons Drowned.** We have to record the sad death of Mr. Wm. Edward Jones, of Winter Hill, Somerville, which occurred at Drewsville, N. H., on Friday. Mr. Jones and family and Wm. P. Hill and family, a brother-in-law of Mr. Jones, were on a visit to Drewsville, and, together with Mr. Lovell, the gentleman with whom they were stopping, were out in the early morning fishing on Cold River when the accident occurred.

The different gentlemen were apart, on the border of the river, throwing their lines and trolling for fish. Mr. Hill being in the rear, when suddenly he heard a splashing in the water, but thought little of it save to shout out, receiving no answer. On turning a bend in the river a few minutes after, he was astonished to see the heads of Messrs. Jones and Lovell just above the water, both of whom sank before he could reach them.

The river is a narrow one and not very deep save in this one place where both seemed destined to meet their end. Mr. Hill is unable to explain the mystery of how the two came in the water, his only theory being that both came to a high ledge of rocks which line the shore, and that one of them must have slipped off, and the other in attempting to save him was also drawn in.

Mr. Hill on reaching the spot immediately plunged in and tried to get out Mr. Jones who was the nearest to the shore, but finding life extinct he started off for assistance which was quickly obtained and the bodies taken from the water. Everything that could be done was promptly rendered by the citizens of the town, both to the deceased and their families in their sudden affliction.

Mr. Jones was a kind-hearted Christian man, beloved by a large circle of friends, and was a member of the Winter Hill Orthodox Church, by whom he was greatly respected for his uprightness and Christian bearing. His remains have been brought home, and his funeral will occur to-morrow at 1½ o'clock from the residence of N. C. A. Preble, 12 Spring street, Boston.

Mr. Lovell was highly respected in his neighborhood and was to have been confirmed in the Episcopal Church of his town the coming Sabbath. Mr. Jones leaves a wife and three children and Mr. Lovell a wife.

In the main, the foregoing account of the accident corresponds with the facts as I frequently heard the story re-

lated in my boyhood, except that my father was still struggling when my uncle arrived on the scene, and that it was impossible to pull him from the water.

Our families went to Drewsville several times thereafter in our early boyhood, a peculiarly tender friendship existing for the rest of their lives between the two young widowed mothers, for Mrs. Julia Lovell became a mother not long after the death of her husband. I particularly remember one summer when we went to "The Deep Hole," as it was called, where the tragedy took place, in company with Mr. Chandler, of Alstead, father of Mrs. Lovell, who pointed out the location of the bodies when Uncle Will Hill found them and also gave his explanation of how the accident occurred.

Many years afterward, in the fall of 1894, when my brother Edward went to Drewsville to regain his health, I again visited the spot, less than a third of a mile, I should say, from the village, and made my own investigation. Although it seemed a sacrilege, and Mrs. Lovell, who had meanwhile become Mrs. Fred A. Wier, so regarded it, and although the water was very cold at that season, I swam lengthwise and crosswise with the stream several times to understand for myself the difficulties and the possibilities of the situation.

On the right bank was a precipitous granite ledge and directly opposite was a huge overhanging boulder. The river at that point was perhaps thirty feet wide. Clear as crystal, the water was approximately twenty feet deep, generally spoken of as thirty feet. Further down the stream the river gradually shoaled till a few rods away it was only knee-deep. Upstream from "The Deep Hole," it was also shallow, like many a good-sized country brook.

From the deepest portion, between the ledge and the overhanging boulder, it was impossible to climb out, but a few strokes up stream or a few more down stream would bring the swimmer to shallow water. It was a beautiful, but awesome chasm, in the dense woods, just beyond a large field. And there was this noticeable fact that from the water looking up it appeared to be a much more difficult task to get out than while looking down from the steep bank above.

Mr. Lovell was said to have been the best swimmer in the village. My father also could swim. The usual explanation of the accident was that, in the wet slippery morn-

ing, one of the men, possibly Mr. Lovell, tripped and fell from the ledge or the boulder and was stunned by the fall, and that my father lost his life trying to save him. The bodies, however, were some distance apart when my uncle came, and Mr. Lovell was apparently lifeless, while my father was still struggling.

Rev. Jacob Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, who had officiated at the marriage of my parents in June, 1866, conducted the funeral. The burial was in Grandfather Preble's lot at Mt. Auburn beside the grave of his mother, Hannah D. (Hill) Jones.

Since this story has been put in type, I have met an old friend of my father, Richard Cunningham, chairman of the board of assessors of the town of Wellesley, who tells me that he was hired by my father as office boy in June, 1871, and was still in the employ of Davis Bros. & Co. at the time of my father's death. He recalled a number of incidents, showing the affection which he held for father. Particularly, he remembered having a severe toothache and father giving him a dollar to go and have the troublesome member extracted. He attended father's funeral and felt that he had lost his very best friend. Davis Brothers' store was located at that time, he says, at 99 High Street, corner of Congress Street, in a building which was destroyed during the great Boston fire of November, 1872.

Ellen Frances Preble

Schoolgirl, Teacher, Mother

Ellen Frances (Preble) Jones was born in Boston, August 26, 1842. She rounded out her allotted seventy years and a little more, years full of friendship and usefulness, in perfect health and vigor, and fell like a bright autumn leaf. She died in Somerville, March 4, 1913.

Her birthplace was on Billerica street, near the old Boston and Lowell Railroad station, about where Nos. 19, 21 or 23 are now located. She was the oldest of eight children of Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble and Sarah Bartlett (Eveleth) Preble, both of them natives of New Gloucester, Me.

The family lived on Billerica street for a year or two and then moved to 12 Spring street in the heart of the West End, and that continued to be her home till her marriage on June 18, 1866, to my father, William Edward Jones.

The Preble family numbered two sons and six daughters. Two years and a half younger than mother was her brother, Uncle Edward P. Preble. Then came her sister, Sarah, who married William P. Hill. Little Mary, next in age, was born in January, 1850, and died when seven years old. Hers was the first burial in the Preble family lot at Mount Auburn. The four younger children, also born at fairly regular intervals of a little more than two years, were: Lillie (Lydia) who married Ezra D. Souther; Hattie (Harriet) who married Charles A. Keyes; Frederick A. Preble; and Carrie (Caroline) who married Milo R. Whitaker. Mother was a young lady of seventeen, and a graduate of the high and normal school, when her youngest sister Carrie was born.

As a child she attended the primary school on Spring street place, now a part of Chambers street, and later went to the Wells grammar school at the corner of Blossom and McLean streets, from which she was graduated in

July, 1856. On graduation she received the City of Boston silver medal which was awarded to girls, corresponding to the Franklin medal for boys.

In the fall of 1856 she entered the Girls' High and Normal school and graduated in July, 1859, shortly before she was seventeen years old. During the following year she took special courses in French and physics. Her teaching career began in January, 1861, when she was only eighteen years and four months old. For the first two months she was employed as a substitute. She became a regular teacher in the following March, and continued till her resignation the last of May, 1866, teaching all that time in the highest grade of the Wells school, under the principalship of Reuben Swan, who had been her former instructor.

At that time, as well as in later years, the Wells school was a public school for girls only, just as the Phillips school, which my father attended, was a boys' school.

The wedding took place at the home of her parents. Rev. Jacob Manning, the popular junior pastor of the Old South Church, performed the ceremony. Because of his patriotic devotion to the cause of the Union, Dr. Manning was the especial favorite of the young people of the church. The senior pastor, Dr. Blagden, not having taken as pronounced a stand on the questions of slavery and secession as they would prefer, did not enjoy anything like the same degree of popularity.

Dr. Manning, I might add, was a strong supporter of the temperance movement then coming into prominence, a cause in which my parents and grandparents were deeply interested.

In 1913, after my appointment as probation officer in Somerville, I became acquainted with Miss Kate Reilly, a veteran probation officer of the Boston Municipal Court, who had been one of mother's pupils during the year preceding her marriage. She told me that the girls in the school were so attached to my mother that they were actually angry at Mr. Jones for marrying Miss Preble and taking her out of the school.

How my parents became acquainted was something like this, as told me by my mother:

She had known the tall, handsome and very serious-minded young man by sight, having always lived in the same neighborhood, but never had met him. One day she sat in the front window of the house on Poplar street where the Stevens family resided, talking with her chum, Julia Stevens, who afterwards became the wife of Elias H. Marston, when the young Mr. Jones passed by on the other side. Julia knew him very well. As they bowed to each other, the prim little nineteen-year-old school marm, who kept her younger brothers and sisters in awe of her, nudged her companion and asked her to call him over and introduce them.

That was the beginning of their romance, sometime in 1862. Within the next few weeks or months my father had enlisted and gone to camp at Readville and later to the South as a member of the Eleventh Massachusetts Light Battery, of which Captain Edward J. Jones was the commanding officer. Although much older than my father, Captain Jones and he were friends and tent-mates while in the service. Moreover the captain's daughter, it so happened, was at that time a pupil in my mother's class at the Wells school.

Before mother saw his battery go off to war, as she did practically every other military organization that left Boston for the front in those trying and exciting years, the nineteen-year-old soldier had asked the young teacher if she would correspond with him. She was not certain whether she would or not, but she consulted her mother. And the good little mother smiled favorably on the idea, telling the daughter that here was a young soldier boy who was about to endure all kinds of hardships and she ought to be glad to comply with his request and do that much for the cause. A bit of maternal advice that probably was not needed.

His nine months' enlistment expired in May, 1863, and by the time he came home the courtship had progressed satisfactorily to all concerned. That summer occurred the serious state of affairs resulting in the draft riot. The entry in father's diary for July 20 shows that he managed to find an opportunity to get off duty for a while, and as he says, "in the morning dropped in to Wells school a short time to exhibition." Nellie Preble was master's assistant at the school. No further explanation is necessary.

After a wedding trip to New York, my parents went to housekeeping at No. 2½ Willard street, in the house which father had leased a couple of years before. Here their first child, Edward Lincoln Jones, was born, February 17, 1867. The other children, William Preble Jones and Arthur Eveleth Jones, were born after the removal of the family to Somerville.

Obviously the "Edward" and the "William" were family names; likewise the "Preble" and the "Eveleth." The "Lincoln" came from my father's patriotic regard for the martyred President. When it came to the third son, mother said she would do the naming herself, and accordingly selected a given name that particularly struck her fancy and was new to the family.

Father, mother and the baby continued to reside on Willard street till they came to Somerville, February 12, 1869. Their new abode, then out in the country, was the easterly half of a double house which my father had bought a few weeks before from Colonel Russell H. Conwell, who afterward became the famous Philadelphia clergyman and lecturer. Colonel Conwell was the father of the present mayor of Somerville, Hon. Leon M. Conwell. He and his wife, Jennie, and her brother, J. Orlin Hayden, had occupied the house during the few months since its erection and until its sale to my parents. Here in the new Somerville home the second son, William Preble, was born April 22, 1869, and the third son, Arthur Eveleth, on April 24, 1871.

There was no name for the rough cart track or lane on which the new Somerville home was located, but as my mother had lived on Vernon street in Boston and Mrs. Walter S. Barnes, across the way, had also lived on that street, the two women decided that Vernon should be the name and Vernon street it has been for the past sixty years.

In 1871, after the birth of her youngest son, mother resumed her church activities, and took charge of the women's class in the Broadway Congregational Sunday school. This became one of her major affiliations, and she never relinquished her Sunday school class, except during some of the summer months, till the day of her death, a period of 42 years. Among her choicest friends were the middle-aged and elderly ladies of the class, although she

NELLIE F. PREBLE
From a photograph taken in 1862, when she was about twenty years old, showing the prevailing style of dress at that period.

was the friend and confidante of them all. Visitors and newcomers to the class received a welcome that made them want to come again. Particularly successful was she in winning the confidence of the timid and the diffident, some of whom are found in almost every organization.

Within a few years of father's death, on account of unfortunate investments and the long period of hard times that followed the panic of 1873, the young widow and her family were in very difficult financial circumstances. Finally in 1877, mother secured an appointment as teacher in the Boston schools and on January 2, 1878, resumed teaching in the Wells school, under Robert C. Metcalf, who had been a friend of Grandfather Preble.

This was the same school which she attended as a girl and where she had taught previous to her marriage, but in a different building, the former building having been replaced by a new one during the intervening decade.

Here for the next thirty-five years she carried on the great work of her life, teaching at first in the seventh and later in the sixth grades, without interruption till the end of the school year in June, 1912, two months before she reached the compulsory retirement age of seventy. Several times before arriving at that age, as she was already eligible for a pension on account of length of service, she offered to resign, not wishing to outstay her welcome nor to remain after any one should consider that she had passed her best efficiency. But the principal, Miss Carpenter, would not listen to the suggestion and persuaded her to continue till she reached the age limit. Personally, she preferred to remain. Teaching was life itself, a joy rather than a burden. As her health was perfect and she had not begun to show any perceptible effects of age, she gladly and proudly continued her work.

When finally the time limit arrived, with the end of the school year, she said her farewell, after a fitting reception and presentation.

Having money in the bank, her teacher's pension and her pension as a soldier's widow which she had received for several years past, she joyously looked forward to the pleasures of visiting and traveling and attending all the church meetings and lectures and sharing the additional freedom during week-days that she had so long been denied. With the teachers and principals of the school, those principals in-

cluding Mr. Metcalf, who afterward became one of the supervisors, Colonel Orlando W. Dimick and Miss Emily F. Carpenter, and many teachers in the other schools of the city, she was always on the most cordial terms. Severing her daily relations with them had its drawbacks, but she knew she could continue the personal contacts in a social way.

Happy she was in her retirement. She was happier still the next winter when, on account of the large amount of illness among the teachers, she was invited in January, 1913, to come back and substitute in the Wells school.

It pleased her greatly to be regarded as young and vigorous enough to undertake the work again, even though temporarily. She rejoiced also to associate once more with her old friends among the teachers and pupils. In midwinter she taught several days as a substitute and was called in again the latter part of February. During this second period she taught two days of one week and the whole of the following week.

Arriving home that last Friday night, February 28, she remarked to my wife that in her forty years of teaching she thought that week had been the happiest and most successful of all. As in former years, troops of girls had met her in the morning at the Causeway Street Station and escorted her to the school and again at night had accompanied her back to the station. She said to the other teachers on leaving: "I won't say good-bye, because you may need me again soon."

As usual, on her arrival home, she went to her room and lay down for a short rest before the evening meal. When she came down to supper, she was evidently in severe pain, for her an entirely new experience. Most of the next three days she was in bed, with a doctor and nurse in attendance. She had a number of callers and on Monday night she was bright and cheery and showed her usual interest in the day's occurrences of the different members of the family, particularly in the work of her son, the new probation officer.

Shortly before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 4, she called for the nurse and in a moment she had expired from a heart attack, probably a rupture of the main artery of the heart.

Her remarkable activity and health in all the preceding years made it impossible to realize that she had gone.

Two or three years before her death she had a slight attack of lumbago and the doctor had advised her to remain in bed for a day or so. This she did and for the first time in more than 38 years, since her youngest son was born, she spent a day in bed. Doubtless there were occasions when she ought to have rested at home, instead of attending to her daily duties, on account of severe colds, but she had always fought them off and attended to her work as usual.

During her forty years of teaching, I have heard her say, she did not lose in the aggregate and for all reasons more than ten or twelve days from school; and these were chiefly when she got excused to attend the funeral of some relative or intimate friend, when she considered that loyalty to friendship made her attendance there even more imperative than the sacred duty of regularly conducting her classes. These absences included several occasions during heavy snow storms when all trains were late and transportation to Boston was practically impossible.

After her death we found the entry in her diary for February 28, 1913: "Finished the week at school. Made out the monthly report," the same laconic way of describing things that characterized most of her writings. And yet she was a very fluent and ready writer, giving all the news and happenings succinctly and in interesting detail in her innumerable letters to relatives and friends, several of which she wrote every Sunday afternoon and more during the week. Her neatly kept book of addresses contained the names of sixty or more persons with whom she was in regular and frequent correspondence. All these letters were in that clear flowing style of penmanship which was the delight of her friends.

Under the date, July 26, 1912, appears this entry in her diary: "Forty years ago this morning." Five short words. What a world of meaning to her, for that was the fortieth anniversary of her husband's death.

The funeral was held Thursday, March 6, at the Broadway Congregational Church on Sycamore street, Somerville. Services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. George Lawrence Parker, with the eulogy by the former pastor, Rev. Robert W. Beers, and music by the Adelphi Male Quartette. The deacons of the church were the pall-

bearers. Burial was in the family lot at Mount Auburn, beside the grave of my father. On the stone we placed the inscription: "MOTHER TEACHER FRIEND," words that briefly tell the story of her life.

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A Modern Puritan

In a recent magazine story of his early life, former President Coolidge says: "It seems impossible that any man could adequately describe his mother. I cannot describe mine."

I have found myself in much the same predicament when I have attempted to write about my mother. Particularly difficult has it been because I knew her so long and so intimately.

As the oldest of eight children, mother always knew what it was to be associated with young people. In the home or in the school, she was with them throughout her whole life. Naturally she took the lead and the responsibility, and she always maintained her position of leadership. Not only was she the rallying point in the immediate family, but she was also the source of information and the connecting link with all the distant relatives.

Proud of her Preble and Eveleth ancestry, mother was also proud of all of her relatives, of her brothers and sisters, especially of the splendid Civil War record of that genial and whole-souled brother, Edward P. Preble. Proud, as she often recalled it, of the integrity of her husband, and his promising business career so abruptly ended. She had a mother's pride in her sons. Hundreds of times in our early lives we had to stand in a row like three steps, to be gazed at by visiting relatives and friends, much as we disliked being lined up for inspection.

When her sons married she was as loyal to her daughters-in-law as to her own flesh and blood. She was proud of them all — Emma Burckes, Gertrude Andrews, Martha York. Her regard for her six grandchildren — Rebecca, Robert and Laura, Helen and Edith, and Sewell — I cannot express. Her youngest grandchild, Martha Preble Jones, was not born till several years after her death.

Her activities and the varieties of her interests were amazing. The wonder was that one little woman could ac-

complish so much. The explanation lies in great part in her abounding and perpetual good health; her methodical, almost clock-work, regularity; her remarkable will power; her self-control. A perfect mental and physical machine, she went on and on till finally she stopped, once and for all. But her influence still lives among the scores of her intimate friends and the hundreds of pupils and their families, several of whom have told me in after years that she was the dearest friend that they had ever known.

The motherly friendship with the young women who cared for the house while she attended to her school duties she maintained to the end of her life. In Somerville, in Plymouth, in Nova Scotia, she visited them.

Her church and Sunday school work, her daily occupation as teacher in a large public school, both of them a joyous and a sacred obligation; her family life, which never for one moment was neglected; her association with a host of friends; her Saturday morning preserving during the fruit season; her Saturday afternoon attendance at the mineralogy lectures, the Bible class, or lectures at the club; her reading and studying; her travels and the preparation of a series of talks in connection with them; her reading aloud to her children; her enjoyment in reading several hours each evening from college textbooks in history, political economy and psychology for the benefit of the student whose eyes went back on him; her mending, her darning and crocheting, all of which she enjoyed and considered as a real recreation, — these were a few of the many things that she did. But, with it all, she always found time to lie down on the couch for half an hour or more before her evening meal. That was her physical salvation. After supper she was ready to go to church, to a lecture in Boston, to correct the examination or daily-work papers, or to look after the various other matters that interested her. Of course, after her sons had grown up and she had come to live with my family, her time out of school hours was her own, and her pocketbook also, and she was able to use them generously in any way that she desired.

Sunday was a day of church-going and family reunion. The afternoons she spent in preparing the lesson for the following Sunday, which she carried in her mind throughout the week, and brushed up again on Saturday night;

also in writing her multitudinous letters to friends and absent relatives and receiving the visits from members of the family. Except for attending all the regular church services, she seldom went anywhere on Sunday. She was always one of the first to arrive at church, promptly taking her usual seat. The only times that she ever was late in any respect was after church service, when she was generally one of the last to leave, for it was principally on Sundays and after the Friday evening meetings, which she also invariably attended (rain or cold did not deter), that she met her church friends.

From our earliest childhood her evening prayer was that her boys should grow up to be "not rich and great, but good and useful men." That word, "usefulness," was the measure by which she appraised human kind.

She was always interested, naturally enough, in the associations of her sons. Whether their companions knew her or not, she certainly made it a point to know about them, not in an inquisitive way, however. My own high school and college chum was Frank Hitchcock who, after graduation from Harvard in 1891, went to Washington and progressed in the government service till he became postmaster-general under President Taft. Mother greatly appreciated the character and worth of Frank's parents. His father was a scholarly, able man, pastor of the West Somerville Congregational Church. She admired the gracious personality of his talented mother. That their son would become an honored and useful person in the community she was free to predict. Proudly would she look out the sitting room window as she saw Hitchcock and myself in the backyard studying the various characteristics of my flock of Plymouth Rocks, for both of us young fellows were ardent devotees of that particular breed of poultry.

Her husband gone, mother made companions of her boys. She conversed with them just as with older persons about the work in school, the incidents that made teaching interesting or difficult, the friendships and the like, with the result that the names of the teachers and the principals and scores of her pupils were household words to us. For many years Mrs. Ella F. Inman, the master's assistant, and Miss Hattie Watson and mother were particularly intimate. Miss Emma Beede (afterward Mrs. Gulliver) was

at first a teacher companion; for the rest of mother's life one of her closest friends. Mrs. Durgin and Miss Gifford were long her intimate associates. For a number of years mother made vacation visits at Mrs. Durgin's summer home at Martha's Vineyard. Another teacher friend was Martha Yeaton who taught in Charlestown and was for forty years or more a member of her Bible class.

Very well I recall a pretty, little Wells school teacher, of whom mother was particularly fond, and who visited us at the Vernon street home, Miss Alice Brown, who has since become the famous novelist.

The pupils, all girls, of course, who came on Saturdays to visit our home were many. For their benefit and for the teachers who also frequently came, we had to rake up the front yard and put on our company manners, which was even more difficult. One singularly attractive little miss who came was Nellie Nolan, daughter of Mrs. Nolan, better known as Miss Kate Ryan, of Boston Museum fame. Between Kate Ryan and mother there developed a very cordial friendship and mutual admiration, despite mother's earlier dislike for the theatrical profession.

Similarly, with advancing years, her views mellowed in regard to dancing, once regarded by her as not far from sinful. She enjoyed seeing the folk dancing which was introduced into the schools at a later date, and she even took pleasure in going with my wife to see her young granddaughters in their dancing classes and evening parties.

Many other phases of her character I could tell about. The more I write the more comes back to my mind. It is hard to know when to stop. Above all was the warmth of her affection, deep and abiding, but seldom demonstrative.

Although her name was Ellen, very few of her friends called her by that dignified appellation. Ellen, of course, was an appropriate name for one of her natural dignity. Nevertheless, she was always Nell to her sisters and brothers, Nellie to most of her friends, and Aunt Nellie to her many nephews and nieces, including not a few like the Hodgkins children and Lucile Gulliver who claimed her as their own on account of her long and close friendship with their parents. My own children adopted the name of "Wawa," which they likewise applied to their Grandmother York, and this I believe was the name of all that she liked best.

One of her dearest personal friends was Mrs. Frank E. Hodgkins, formerly Evie Gulliver. Mother was present at the birth of all of the Hodgkins children, except the last and in that instance she arrived a few minutes too late.

Mrs. Hodgkins' brother, Charles W. Gulliver, was also a family friend and it was through my mother's idea of the appropriateness of things that she introduced Mr. Gulliver to Emma Beede, one of her Wells school associates, and in various ways facilitated the romance which resulted in Miss Beede living at our house for a year and culminated in their marriage.

My mother's friendships with the teachers in the Wells school would make a chapter of itself. So would her experiences with the other Boston teachers, many of whom enjoyed under her leadership and through the generosity of Mrs. Augustus Hemenway several summer vacations at the Hemenways' beautiful "Blue Hill Farm."

Possessed of certain masculine qualities of mind, her whole nature, however, was essentially feminine. But her emotions were inwardly rather than outwardly expressed. She could convey her ideas in the briefest and most incisive way imaginable, yet she never was at loss for words to use when occasion demanded. Avoiding misunderstandings and never picking a quarrel, she seldom failed to state her convictions on a question. Sometimes she could be blunt in speech and very dogmatic in her opinions. When I remonstrated with her for being quite so outspoken, she countered with the remark: "I wouldn't be a Preble if I didn't say what I thought and mean just what I say."

In the early days, she was one of the few women to speak in the church meetings. Outwardly it seemed that she talked with entire coolness and even austerity. But I could often detect a quaver in her voice and I knew that she steadied herself before making utterance. Her ability to speak in public, her accurate knowledge of the subject under discussion, the fairness of her opinions, narrowed perhaps by an inherited Puritan outlook upon life, and her general acquaintance with school and educational matters, resulted several times in her being asked to allow her name to be used as a candidate for the school committee of Somerville. She knew full well that there was slight chance of election, but more than that she realized the inappropriateness of trying to do too many things and the possibility

that membership on the Somerville school board might seriously interfere with the success of her daily work in the Boston schools. Consequently she politely but emphatically rejected the requests of her women friends to be a candidate.

All the first of her widowhood she wore black. In later years she wore some gray or white with an occasional dash of purple. One of her favorite quotations which she frequently applied to her own experience was in effect that her wearing of black "began as a piece of mourning and ended as a bit of economy." Fond as any woman could be of good clothes, she never was able to indulge herself in that respect till the last two decades of her life. But with constant darning and mending and making over in the early years and aided later by the dress-making skill of her sister Carrie, she was ever a model of neatness in her attire.

In her early life her complexion was dark and somewhat sallow. As she grew older and stouter, the roses appeared in her cheeks and she had some of the high color that so distinguished her sister Sarah, Mrs. Hill. Until she had passed 65, her vigor and youthful appearance seemed to increase. Her black hair, never very thick, was of practically the same color all of her life, with scarcely a streak of gray even at the time of her death.

The words that she most frequently emphasized in her long and busy life, the two words that best sum up her character, were loyalty and duty. Loyalty to family, to her church and what the church represented, loyalty to her school, to the government and to her friends. Fulfilment of duty was to her a pleasure. And work was a real joy.

What President Coolidge said recently about his grandmother was applicable to my mother: "The Puritan severity of her convictions was tempered by the sweetness of a womanly charity. There were none whom she ever knew that had not in some way benefited by her kindness."

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Bertha Eveleth Blodgett's Tribute

When I sent a copy of my recent Preble pamphlet to Cousin Bertha Eveleth Blodgett, of Cortland, N. Y., I got this response:—

"I'm afraid that when you write about your mother

for your second book, you won't say enough in her praise. You will be too modest in dealing with a woman who had as much real character as any woman I have ever known.

"Sweetness, firmness, fun, alertness, vivacity, responsiveness, intelligence, courage, refinement, goodness, and Christianity, — I haven't half said it all.

"She was a true product of the best in New England. Her face will never fade from my memory. She had too much personality for that.

"Her features were clear-cut and their two outstanding points were her snapping black eyes and her well-formed mouth which was either smiling animatedly or set in grim determination.

"I love to think of her and am proud that I had such a relative."

Cousin Bertha Blodgett knew mother so well that when I asked her to write some of her recollections she gladly and promptly contributed the following, which I am taking the liberty to publish in full, even at the expense of some repetition:—

If our good biographer (bless him for it), William Preble Jones, were to ask me for further proof that her grandfather, John Preble, of Machias, was the grandson of General Jedidiah Preble I would point to his own mother.

Ellen Preble Jones was fashioned of the same material which made a general, a judge, a commodore, a rear admiral, and a friend of the Longfellows. Provided the old adage, "Blood will tell" is true then Ellen Jones was a "princess of the blood." It could be no mediocre family from which she descended.

When Ellen Preble Jones was thirty years old she was forced to face widowhood and the rearing of three young sons through the loss of her husband by drowning. She met the situation like the general that she was and not only equipped her boys for useful manhood but never ceased to be the "captain of her own soul" up to the day of her death. She had all the elements of leadership, leadership among her brothers and sisters, leadership in school both with pupils and teacher-associates, leadership in church work and leadership in various social activities in which she was interested.

I can see her now in my mind's eye, a positive character, alert, sincere, and very much alive. She was not tall, was dark complexioned with black hair and black eyes which snapped and danced with every word she spoke. Her mouth, as I remember, was a very mobile feature. As her face lighted with a happy thought, the mouth drew up at the corners with the sweetest of lines, but again, it could compress and become a most determined little member of her countenance.

I did not say " a friend of the Longfellows" inadvisedly. If Ellen Jones had lived in the days of the general she would have fitted in with the Longfellows. Always her refinement, natural charm and splendid mentality made her appreciated by the best people.

Ellen Preble Jones practiced wholesome religion. If my memory serves me right, for many years she taught a large Sunday school class, and this at the close of an exacting week of school teaching and looking after three active boys. It seems like the impossible.

My sister and I were left motherless as little girls. Our mother, Helen Eveleth Jones, and Ellen Preble Jones were double cousins through the Eveleth and Preble lines, the Jones lines being unrelated. It looked as if the little Jones girls would be side-tracked so far as their mother's relatives were concerned. It was "Aunt Nellie Jones" who came to the rescue and made it a faithful obligation to keep in touch with the children. We were invited on many week-end visits to Somerville and had glorious times with the boys, were introduced to all the Preble cousins and learned to know that numerous, happy family. When we were married it was Aunt Nellie who came to our weddings.

Do you wonder that after such splendid loyalty my sister and I are devoted to her memory?

In closing I feel like quoting the following lines:—

"Such abounding, overflowing, health-giving lives are the irrefutable argument for immortality. The narrow stream of death is altogether too shallow to overwhelm a great soul. Try as hard as we will it is impossible to imagine them as dead."

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Half a Century of Friendship

No story of my mother's life would be at all complete without some extended mention of certain family friendships, particularly her long and very close connection with Miss Bessie T. Capen, of Northampton, and of how those associations affected the lives of other members of the family.

In the early years of the Civil War, Bessie Capen and Nellie Preble were fellow teachers at the old Wells school, and warm friends as well. That friendship lasted for more than half a century, although there was a long period when their actual intimacy had lapsed.

Besides their daily contact in the schoolhouse and elsewhere, they had this in common: Both of their young men were serving in the Union Army in the South. Miss Capen's friend died in the service, a fact which she never forgot. My mother's friend, however, came home and afterward claimed her as his bride. Pursuing further studies and engaging in teaching elsewhere, Miss Capen devoted the rest of her long life to the cause of education and to the welfare of her numerous relatives and friends.

Just how long the early relations with my mother con-

tinued I cannot say. After mother's death in 1913, I found among her papers a tender message of sympathy which Miss Capen had sent her in the autumn of 1872 when she received the belated news of my father's death, a letter which mother had treasured during all those intervening years. As time went on the intimacy faded on account of distance and other interests till in our boyhood days the name of Miss Capen was apparently only a fond recollection.

Long afterwards, when her sons had all become self-sustaining and the family prospects were encouraging, mother came home one afternoon from school and joyfully told of meeting in the Boston and Lowell station one of her old friends, Miss Bessie T. Capen, who was then on her way to take the train for Northampton. This was sometime in the winter of 1893-4.

The former contacts were renewed at once and continued with ever-increasing tenderness till her sudden death nearly a score of years later. Miss Capen visited at the Wells school whenever business brought her to Boston, and occasionally she came out to Somerville. Mother spent the April vacation that year with Miss Capen at Northampton and was there several times each succeeding year.

During one of her early spring visits, Miss Capen suggested to mother that she ought to take a trip to Europe, but mother, appreciating the financial impossibility of such an idea, said that she simply could not think of it. Her friend, however, pressed the point and with her quiet determination, said: "I want you to go as my guest."

They crossed the ocean late in June, 1894, and passed the next two months together in England and Scotland, visiting the principal places of historic and literary interest, studying the cathedrals and art galleries, and enjoying some of the quiet country life in the Lake district and the highlands.

At least a portion of each summer thereafter they spent together, either in traveling or visiting each other, and many of mother's mid-year vacations also were at Northampton, as well as those in the summer. Several times Miss Capen visited us at Vernon street or Maple avenue and also at Cataumet, as she greatly appreciated getting into the simple home atmosphere, even though her school at Northampton was a more home-like institution than almost any other large school of its kind.

Besides the summer of '94 in Great Britain, they en-

joyed four other extended vacations in Europe, mostly on the continent, during the summers of 1895, 1896, 1899, and 1901. They visited the Pacific Coast, the Yosemite and the Yellowstone in 1905, and in other seasons took in Quebec and the Saguenay and many of the New England resorts.

While they were on their first trip in the summer of 1894, my elder brother, Edward Lincoln Jones, gradually failed in health. For nearly a dozen years he had worked as clerk and bookkeeper in Boston, in a back office with poor ventilation and with only artificial light from miserable little gas jets. During several years of this period the head clerk in the office was fighting off death from consumption. Very little was known in those days concerning the germ theory of tuberculosis. The need of sputum cups was never dreamed of. As a result of that unsanitary and constant practice of the sick man, Edward absorbed some of the germs and developed a serious case of laryngitis, as Dr. Hanscom diagnosed it. His persistence in going to his daily work and his insatiable desire to busy himself evenings, particularly on some carpentering and cabinet work, resulted finally in a complete collapse.

When mother came home from her first real vacation, she found her eldest son a very sick young man. Finally I got him up to Drewsville, in the town of Walpole, N. H., for an extended stay at the farmhouse of Mrs. Wier, formerly Mrs. Lovell, whose first husband had been drowned at the same time as my father, and with whom mother had always continued an intimate friendship. Fresh country air and out-door life, aided, perhaps, by the medicated vapor which I laboriously pumped into his throat and lungs three or four times a day, helped him regain some of his vitality, but the agonizing cough still persisted. After I had initiated Mr. Wier into the mysteries of using the pump, I returned to Somerville and my brother remained at Drewsville till late in the fall or early winter. Considerable snow covered the ground as we tramped the hills during some of my later week-end visits.

Edward returned to Somerville greatly improved in health and strength. Whether to accept another office position which had been offered him, or to undertake his cherished ambition of life in the open was the problem

that then confronted him. Finally he did what others have done, he decided to "adopt an abandoned farm." With part of his savings, he bought the equity in a place in the town of Winchendon, high up on the hills of central Massachusetts, five miles from the village and about midway between Winchendon Centre and Gardner. Then he got married. His courageous and hopeful wife, Emma, who like my mother had been a school teacher, was as determined as he himself to go anywhere in order that he might fully reestablish his health, even to living on a back country farm if needs be. And farm life, at that time, five miles from anywhere and for city folks who had never been accustomed to that sort of existence, certainly presented its problems.

His father-in-law, James M. Burckes, assisted him in selecting the horse, harness and wagon which he then bought. Also he helped in loading the wagon with wedding presents and household furniture and starting him on his journey. As his ancestors had treked into the New England wilderness generations before, so my brother Edward drove over the road, seventy weary miles, to the rocky farm in the "promised land," where his bride joined him a few days later.

That was in the spring of 1895. They planted a garden, did the haying, stored the cellar with a lot of vegetables and fruit of their own raising, painted and papered the house, spent most of their money, and welcomed their first born, Rebecca, during the year that followed.

My younger brother Arthur had an attack of typhoid fever in the summer of 1895, while mother was on her second European trip.

It was my turn to be sick the next year, and it was with keen apprehension that mother started on her third trip to Europe in the summer of 1896. But there was no third sickness.

When they arrived home, however, they had a new plan in process of being perfected. Because of increasing responsibilities in the conduct of her large and highly successful school, Miss Capen had decided that she needed just such a man as Edward, with his business qualifications and his mechanical ability and adaptability, to help her in her work at Northampton.

The adopted farm was again abandoned. The money expended on its rehabilitation was charged off to health

and experience account, and the little family packed up their goods and moved to Northampton. There they lived for the next seven years, till Edward's death, September 8, 1903. First they resided in a brick block on a street at the foot of the hill near the railroad. There Robert was born. Soon afterward they moved up the hill into a small cottage on Henshaw avenue in the rear of Miss Capen's house and grounds which faced on Prospect street. At a later date Miss Capen bought the next adjoining house, in order to secure better access to one of her school buildings on the opposite side of the avenue, and the family resided in that house for the remainder of their stay in Northampton. It was in the latter house that the youngest child, Laura, was born November 9, 1902, on the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of her grandfather, William Edward Jones.

Edward had the title of steward, with the multifarious duties of superintending the care of the buildings and grounds, planning and supervising the erection of several new buildings, and assisting in many important business matters.

During their residence in Northampton, he and his wife joined the Edwards Congregational Church and my brother became intimately acquainted with a slender, blond-haired young law student who attended the same church and was then taking an active part in the political life of the city. Calvin Coolidge was his name. He still remembers, he assures me, his friendship with my brother.

Edward died in Northampton in 1903 and his widow brought the children to Somerville to live with her parents. After Emma's death in 1911, the little daughter, Laura, was tenderly reared by Mrs. Belle Blandin, of Northampton, an intimate friend of the mother. Mrs. Blandin's husband was manual training instructor in the Clark School for the Deaf where Mrs. Coolidge had been a teacher before her marriage. Living in the same neighborhood, Laura as a child attended the same dancing classes and otherwise was associated with the Coolidge boys.

In a somewhat different way, Miss Capen helped to shape the life of another member of our family. My cousin, Sarah Whitaker, a little wisp of a girl, but full of ambition, was about to graduate from the Framingham Normal School, after taking the three years' course in

domestic science. Miss Capen, who had desired to establish a somewhat similar department, became interested in her ambitions. Without any urging by my mother, but relying upon her recommendation and her own ability to recognize character and possibilities even in one so young and inexperienced, she persuaded Sarah to come to Northampton and start a domestic science course for the girls of the school.

For fifteen years Sarah continued to teach at Northampton till after the death of Miss Capen, the eventual closing of the school and the sale of the property to Smith College as provided in her will. After a few years teaching elsewhere, Miss Whitaker and Miss Bement, another of Miss Capen's former teachers, at the urgent request of prominent Northampton people, opened a new school for girls, which they are now successfully conducting in another part of the city, but under the same name as Miss Capen's school, — the Northampton School for Girls.

With the same generous spirit with which she provided for the education of many another young person, Miss Capen took charge of the education of Rebecca, my brother Edward's first born, long years after his death. The result of this kindness was that my mother's oldest grandchild spent four years at the Capen School, and four years at Smith College, graduating from the latter in 1919.

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James A. Litchfield and Dr. Quint

Another friendship of long standing, one that meant everything to the welfare of the family, was that with the late James A. Litchfield, one of God's noblemen.

Way back in the Civil War days, he and my father had been friends and neighbors. Both had been soldiers in the Union Army, though in different organizations.

When my parents were married in 1866 they traded at Mr. Litchfield's grocery store, and I think that even before that, my Grandmother Jones traded with him. Just where the store was located in the beginning I am not sure, but I know that in all my childhood days and till I became a man and Mr. Litchfield had bought the grocery store at

Gilman square in Somerville, his Boston store was at 121 Leverett street, at the corner of Minot street. For more than forty years my family traded with Mr. Litchfield and his successor, till, after his removal to Lunenberg, he sold the business.

For many years the groceries were delivered by Mr. Litchfield's men once or twice a week to his out-of-town customers in Somerville and Cambridge. Milo Whitaker, afterward my uncle, and Walter Bullard were the delivery clerks for the most part and many were the rides we boys had on the wagon which we met Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in the summer at the East Cambridge bridge, journeying up through Union square to North Cambridge and even to "Dublin" as the brickyard district at West Cambridge was then called and back again to Boston via Charlestown. One chilly April afternoon during my high school career, I got my Latin lesson while taking the trip, learning by heart the thirty prepositions that take the accusative.

Twenty or more years ago Mr. Litchfield told me that my father came into his store one morning in July, 1872, and said: "Jim, I've just put on another five thousand dollars of life insurance and I'm going on my vacation. Taking the family up to New Hampshire."

The family went, but they came back a week or so later to my father's funeral which was held at Grandfather Preble's house at 12 Spring street, only a few rods from Mr. Litchfield's store.

The five thousand dollars insurance was paid and five more by another company. The widow and her children would have been able to get along fairly well, with the money that was left, but the business crisis of 1873, the long period of hard times that ensued, and certain unfortunate investments helped to wipe out the little fortune. Distressing years of poverty followed, the details of which I need not mention. Five or six years after she became a widow, mother happily got a chance to teach again in the Boston schools. But a salary of six or seven hundred dollars a year was not very much to support a teacher and three ravenous boys, and a maid to do the housework; and the debts that had already accrued were steadily increasing.

Mother was hard working and resourceful. We wore hand-me-downs and clothes made over from the clothing of adult relatives and friends, but it was a constant strug-

gle of pride and courage against poverty and the incessant demands of creditors who needed their money. Fortunately the debts ceased to grow after my two brothers got to work and the teacher's pay was increased; and as time went on some of the smaller ones were gradually extinguished.

The one creditor who did not press his claims was my father's friend, "Jim" Litchfield, big in heart and large of body, although his unpaid bill was equal to the teacher's annual salary.

It had always been my mother's dream that one of her boys should go to college, a wild, fantastic dream, so it seemed. There was no college tradition in the family to work on. For a thousand years, more or less, none of the folks had ever been to college. Financially, such a thing was an impossibility. But if anybody should have gone, it was my brother Ed, because he had the right mental calibre to do it. I remember that Miss Northup, one of his teachers in the Forster school, told me long afterward that Ed as a lad of twelve had the keenest brain of any boy she ever knew. The family, however, needed his earnings and before he was sixteen he went to work in the office of Rufus C. Cushman & Co., sugar importers and brokers at 36 Central street, Boston. This was on December 28, 1882. He continued as office boy, clerk and bookkeeper at the same place till his breakdown in the summer of 1894.

Arthur was not book-inclined and he also went to work before he reached sixteen, with the hardware concern of Brooks, Baldwin and Robbins, at 115 Milk street. He remained with that concern and its successors for upwards of twenty years till he went to the Treat Hardware Company at Lawrence of which he is now president.

During our boyhood another loyal friend of the family, who had a material influence in shaping its destiny, was good old Doctor Quint, who was acting pastor of the Sycamore Street Chapel during the early eighties, and who continued his interest long years afterward. He insisted that the second son should go to college, declaring that the ways and means could be provided, if the boy himself showed the proper amount of determination. He talked

the matter over with President Eliot, of Harvard, and reported back that Dr. Eliot had assured him that the boy's poverty need not prevent his going. Doctor Quint, real name Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., would have preferred that I go to Dartmouth, as he was a Dartmouth graduate and one of its trustees, but that was even more out of the question than going to Harvard. If I were to go anywhere, it must be where I could live at home, and where the financial expenditures would be at the minimum.

Blindly, as it were, I took the college preparatory course, ready for the plunge if ever the time came to jump. When I was half way through the high school and in the ordinary nature of events would have gone to work [pardon the egotism, but I worked all through the four years in high school, paying a large part of my expenses] mother went to Mr. Litchfield and asked him:—

"Shall I try to educate my boy or try to pay my debts?"

"Educate the boy" was his prompt response. "The boys will take care of the debts. I can wait."

Going to college was a bigger undertaking than scaling the Matterhorn or surmounting the Chinese wall. How and where was the money coming from?

With what I earned in the summer of 1887 as railroad ticket agent and baggage-smasher and as errand boy for Hill & Langtry and my poultry profits, I bought a new suit of clothes, the first whole new suit with one exception since before I graduated from the grammar school, new shoes, and other necessary equipment. Every thing was ready, except that I did not know for a certainty till the day before college opened that I was actually to enter Harvard or any other college. Somehow or somewhere, Doctor Quint raised forty dollars which he handed me, Brother Ed loaned me ten dollars, enough in the aggregate to pay the first term bill in advance. The next day Jones entered Harvard.

By reason of the same financial stringency, it was always an uncertainty as to how long the college course would continue, but the other boys were both working and the family finances were growing brighter. College aid, incessant borrowings from my elder brother and other loans, summer hotel work and a continuance of the poultry business which had been a source of profit during all of my school years, as well as other work, finally brought along the commencement season in 1891.

Four years after graduation all the family debts had been paid, Ed having assumed the Litchfield debt in exchange with mother for part of the land, and my weekly payments to Ed for the reduction of my $500 indebtedness to him being applied by him in turn to the Litchfield debt. On the Saturday afternoon after Mother had sailed on the Cunarder from East Boston for her second trip to Europe, my future wife and I went to the office of George Wigglesworth, treasurer of the Harvard Loan Fund, and I paid the balance of my college debt. The moral obligation, however, to the college and to these personal friends of course can never be liquidated.

Later, when Ed needed the money to sink in the Winchendon farm, I bought the extra Vernon street lot from him, and many years afterward Mother and I sold the whole premises to the Swifts who then controlled the Derby and Kilmer Desk Company and needed the land for the extension of their business.

With the debts paid and her sons all self-supporting, mother enjoyed the last eighteen years of her life in financial independence and comparative and well deserved comfort, teaching school till the very end of her life, traveling extensively and having that inestimable privilege of bestowing her bounty on church, charity or whatever cause to her was dear.

A Few Family Reminiscences

With all her brothers and sisters, mother maintained particularly intimate relations. It couldn't be otherwise, because of her vigorous personality and the fact that they nearly all lived within a short distance of each other.

For several years after the death of his parents and prior to his marriage, Uncle Fred Preble lived with the Jones family. He became the generous and kindly big brother to the three fatherless boys who so earnestly craved the presence of a man in the house. Only those who have been bereft of a father can realize what that means, or can imagine the pleasure that the Sunday afternoon visits of our various male relatives afforded.

Uncle Ed Preble had a poultry farm in Wilmington. His weekly visits to Somerville on his way to and from

ELLEN FRANCES (PREBLE) JONES. Photograph taken in 1867, soon after her first child was born.

WILLIAM EDWARD JONES. Photograph taken in the autumn of 1866, after his marriage, and given to his wife the following Christmas.

THE THREE JONES BOYS, who had lost their father three years before: William Preble, six; Edward Lincoln, eight; and Arthur Eveleth, four years old. Photograph taken at Walpole, N. H., August 21, 1875.

Boston with farm and poultry products and the rides that we took with him in the farm wagon were high spots in our young lives. He afterwards engaged in other occupations, although he still lived in Wilmington. Our vacation visits and the family picnics at the farm, his frequent visits at our house in Somerville, his interesting stores of war reminiscences, his genial good nature and willingness to be of service early convinced our youthful minds that if God ever made a real man, he was the man.

Like some other members of the family, Grandfather Preble was always interested in politics. Various clippings and ballots pasted in the scrap books show that he and my father and Uncle Ed Preble were members of political committees or worked at the polls on election days.

Grandfather was a member of the Boston Common Council in 1860 when Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, afterward known as King Edward VII, visited Boston. My mother and her friend, Nellie F. Plumer, daughter of Hon. Avery Plumer, went with grandfather to the reception given to the prince in the new Library building on Boylston street where the Colonial building now stands. Nellie Plumer's sister Lizzie, wife of Cornelius N. Bliss, who later became a great New York financier and member of President McKinley's cabinet, could not attend the reception. Her mother, however, was so pleased because one of her girls was invited, that she threw Lizzie's new worsted shawl over my mother's shoulders and requested her to wear it in order that Lizzie might always retain as a keepsake the shawl that was worn at the prince's reception.

Both of my parents excelled in penmanship, an art too often neglected by the present generation. In fact, all of my aunts and uncles were excellent writers. Perhaps it was a family trait. At any rate, they grew up in an age when penmanship was regarded as one of the fine arts and a good style of handwriting was a desirable accomplishment.

Dr. Jarvis, of Boston, and Dr. Sanford Hanscom, in later times, were our family physicians, but they were more friends than physicians, for thanks to general good health,

their professional services were seldom required. When the second son was about to make his advent, Dr. Jarvis was summoned from Boston. No telephones, no electric cars, no automobiles were in existence then. The steam train, the slow-going horse cars, or a horse and carriage afforded the only means of communication between Somerville and Boston. The stork arrived first on that April morning, and I was lying comfortably wrapped up in a bundle on the sitting-room sofa, when the doctor made his inspection.

Our old house on Vernon street, Somerville, which was the family residence for nearly thirty years was the easterly half of a double house afterward numbered 50. It had a flat roof, was two stories high in front and three stories high in the rear, the ground sloping away into the backyard till it reach the level of the meadow along the railroad. Adjoining the original house lot, father bought another and larger lot, so that we had a total of more than 12,000 square feet of land. The whole place he had neatly terraced and planted with a variety of berry bushes, fruit trees and grape vines. Six of these large grape vines and some thirty or more of various kinds of pear trees made the summer and autumn seasons a glorious feast time in all our growing-up years.

Father built a large henhouse on the place which for some years we used for a playhouse till one sad day, when money was unusually scarce, a neighbor, Joe D., came along and offered mother six dollars for it. The offer was accepted with regret. After he found out how badly the widow needed the money, the prospective purchaser declared it was worth only four dollars to him and that was all he would pay. He got the henhouse and moved it away to Jenny Lind avenue, using it as a domicile for his decrepit and half-starved old horse.

Joe D. has long since gone to his reward. Perhaps he deserves to remain in oblivion. But somehow a small boy never forgets a skinflint of that type. Especially when the loss of his playhouse is involved.

My personal recollections of my father who was drowned when I was barely three years old are necessarily few. I remember him bringing home a bag of yellow bananas when my elder brother Edward was sick with "slow

fever." We had seen red bananas before but these were the first yellow ones. Brought by slow-going sailing vessels from the West Indies, bananas were not the common article of diet that they have become since the advent of the fast refrigerator steamships.

I also remember him smoking a big cigar in the back yard near the shed door. I still retain the mental picture of him in front of the hen house, handing me a wooden quart measure containing some eggs and telling me to take them to the house and not fall down and break them. He seemed so tall and magnificent, reaching almost up to the sky, or at least up to the top of the door.

Reference has been made to Elias H. Marston, whose first wife Julia Stevens, daughter of Moses Stevens, first introduced my parents to each other. Mr. Marston was one of the popular young men in the West End during and after the Civil War. He left Harvard College for the army, achieving an enviable record in one of the New Hampshire regiments of which he was adjutant. He and his family came out to Somerville not long after my parents and lived for a while in the house of Rollin M. Baldwin on Albion street, where the young wife Julia died. Later he remarried and with his new wife and their daughter Mabel resided on Maple avenue. After the war he taught in the Phillips School in Boston of which he was the very successful and able headmaster for many years preceding his retirement. His sudden death occurred while attending the funeral of another distinguished Grand Army veteran, Dr. Sanford Hanscom.

The old Phillips School was named originally in honor of John Phillips, the first mayor of the City of Boston, a fact that is generally overlooked. In recent years the name has been changed to the Wendell Phillips School.

Earlier in this pamphlet I have mentioned Joseph Orlin Hayden, who was living with the Conwells when my father bought the Vernon street house from them. That was before I was born. Strange to say, some twenty-three years afterward I went to work for Mr. Hayden, then one of the owners and the manager of the Somerville Journal, remaining with the Journal as reporter and editor for about fourteen years. Mr. Hayden's nephew, Leon M. Conwell, mayor of Somerville and son of Colonel Russell H. Conwell,

is the present editor and manager. I still retain the old deed signed by his parents transferring the property to my parents.

Shortly before his death father had invested in two lots of land on Linwood street in what has been known as the "Brick Bottom" district. It was low land and was flooded in heavy rains and perhaps by the backing up of the noisome Miller's River with the result that the board of health was constantly sending notices ordering the abatement of the nuisance. So troublesome were these notices that mother was willing to sell the land to anybody who would pay the taxes on the property and in the end she practically gave the land away. Years afterwards Judge L. Roger Wentworth, in looking up titles in that neighborhood, found our names on the records and gave me the location of the land, which was on the southerly side of Linwood street, between Poplar and Congress street, a fact that I had not known till then.

In the long period of her association with the West End of Boston, mother had seen the neighborhood pass through several complete racial changes, from the old New England Yankee stock to a mixture of all kinds till finally her class at school was composed almost exclusively of the children of Hebrew immigrants, mostly from Russia. Notwithstanding these changes she was able to adapt herself to the new conditions, and she took the same personal interest in the development and progress of these people that she formerly did with those of her own nationality.

Jennie Loitman, now Mrs. Barron, of the Boston School Committee, was one of her promising young pupils of a later generation of whom we often heard her speak with pride and who also lovingly remembers my mother.

Writing to me a few years ago after the death of James A. Litchfield, his daughter, Mrs. Nellie Litchfield Brown, of Lunenburg, who was a former pupil and long-time friend of my mother, said: "I liked nearly all my teachers, but I adored your mother, and after we moved to Somerville, the intimacy deepened. How often I used to walk down Sycamore street to meet her as she came to the church services. I can see her now, with her quick, firm tread, her bright black eyes and that wonderful lighting of her face as she greeted me; and more especially after my own mother died and I needed some one like your mother to help me."

A word or two more about our friend Dr. Quint. He had some form of heart trouble, his eyesight was poor, and for a long time he had retired from active pastoral duties. One of the organizers of the Grand Army of the Republic, he was its first national chaplain. For many years he was a leader in the Congregationalist denomination during his Massachusetts pastorates but especially after his retirement. His old home was in Dover, N. H., which he represented about that time in the state legislature. His son, John H. Quint, now an eminent clergyman and a D. D. himself, and I were boyhood friends. In the summer of 1883 I visited several weeks at their Dover home. Barnum's circus came to town and Dr. Quint took us to see Jumbo, then very much alive, but now one of the stuffed attractions at Tufts College. He also took us to Lake Winnepesaukee. Through the introduction of a line of horse cars that season, Dover had become of metropolitan importance, and a horse car ride through the town, with some college boy collecting the fares, was an occasion to remember.

The elder son of the family, Wilder Dwight Quint, now a distinguished Boston editor and author, was then a recent high school graduate and the happy possessor of a tiny blond mustache. He officiated that summer as conductor on one of the two or three cars operated by the street railway company.

Dr. Quint was one of the leading authorities on church polity, an expert on historical, genealogical and political subjects, whose advice and writings were in great demand. He was a regular editorial writer for the Congregationalist, one of the best of denominational papers. In preparing many of his articles, he had the assistance of my mother, who wrote as he dictated and prepared the copperplate copy for the printers. He was a frequent and welcome visitor on such occasions at our house. He was equally welcomed at the Footes', at the Gullivers' and at the Hodgkins' homes as well as at many other places where he was held in the same esteem. But the Joneses lived near the Somerville Centre Depot and by staying at our house he avoided climbing the hill, a slow and painful proceeding with the weak heart that he possessed.

Reclining on the sofa, with his eyes closed, his brows knitted, he dictated as mother wrote. And we boys marvelled that a person could think out loud and remember what he had dictated.

There was always a room for him, a cup of tea, some toast, cold lamb, frosted cake and pear sauce. Yes, pear sauce, pear sauce, pear sauce! We had pear sauce all our lives. But it was surpassingly good pear sauce, especially when made from our own Bartletts or even from the Duchesse pears that were also grown in our backyard. From long experience, and plenty of it, mother had become expert in putting up pear sauce, and the cellar closet every winter was full of it. All of our visiting friends for a score of years were regaled with pear sauce, unless they preferred a change, in which case they were given quince sauce, or possibly gooseberry or sweet apple and barberry or something else just as good. Of course, from September to Christmas we had pears in their natural state and in great abundance. Pears and grapes were the only things that we could afford to be generous with in those days. But as everybody else grew pears we endeavored to provide the best.

In the summer of 1881, when I was twelve years old, mother went to Drewsville with one of my brothers, and while they were away I came within an ace of being drowned, trying to swim in the Mystic river at Ten Hill farm. On account of my father's death from drowning and mother's constant worry every time we went to the river, I was obliged to swear all the neighborhood boys to secrecy and to minimize the occurrence in every way possible, knowing only too well that should my mother know what had happened my swimming days would be over. Not till seven years after, when the Jones girls were visiting us and I was already in college, did I ever tell the story.

Till I was sixteen years old I almost never went to the Mystic for a swim without first obtaining a reluctant permission, owing to that terrible dread that mother had and her fear that we might not return alive. It was torture for her when we did go, because we generally made the most of our opportunities and swam in the river or ran naked along the banks or sunned ourselves on the Medford marshes, in and out of the water, from dinner time till supper, from high tide to low tide or vice versa, as the case might be. Finally mother agreed to leave the matter of swimming without the necessary permission to the wisdom of our friend Dr. Quint, who promptly saw the boy's side of the question, with the result that thereafter we went swimming whenever the spirit moved but agreed to let mother know if possible when we were going.

Possibly it may interest some of the family to know that one summer, about 1882 or 1883, mother and Mrs. Evie Hodgkins went to Drewsville for a short visit at Mrs. Wier's, and that Mrs. Hettie Green, the financier, and her two children were already spending their vacation in the same farmhouse.

Known even then as the richest woman in America, Mrs. Green was enjoying the simple life (board at $5 per week) although her private car was standing on the side tracks at Bellows Falls five miles away.

It may not be invidious to remark that her daughter, then in her early teens, wore dresses that were out at the elbows, according to the observing but friendly Somerville visitors, and that the small boy Ned, now Colonel Edward H. R. Green, who inherited his mother's financial abilities and also his share of the fortune, had huge patches on the seat and knees of his trousers. But those were the good old days before Colonel Green knew anything about the radio or finance and found his greatest pleasure in going barefoot and driving home the cows.

Hettie Green was a very human individual, notwithstanding her tight-wad reputation. She and Mrs. Wier were cronies for years. Afterward, when Mrs. Wier moved down to Walpole Village and kept a large boarding house facing the Common, with the back garden overlooking the Connecticut valley and the mountains of Vermont, Mrs. Green used to come over from her Bellows Falls home and sit by the kitchen window conversing while Mrs. Wier washed the dishes or did her morning cooking. And nobody but Mrs. Wier knew that the richest woman in America and perhaps in the world was present.

In October, 1900, my wife and I and Baby Helen spent a week at Mrs. Wier's in Walpole Village. We chanced to be driving past Mrs. Green's house in Bellows Falls one day while she was occupying her customary chair in Mrs. Wier's kitchen, and so we missed meeting the distinguished lady, much of course to our mutual regret, for Mrs. Green was as desirous of seeing our little daughter as we were anxious to see her.

Bertha Blodgett, in her tribute to mother, says that our mothers were double cousins, on the Preble and the Eveleth sides of the family. I might go her one better by saying that they were triple cousins, the Prebles and the Eveleths being already blood relatives on the Collins

side. As she says, our mothers married men by the name of Jones, which further complicated matters, causing some of my Somerville cousins to imagine that the Jones girls of Brockton were more closely related to the Jones boys of Somerville than they were to the others. We were not cousins as Joneses, but cousins through our Preble, Eveleth and Collins ancestry.

The Jones cousins, Bertha Eveleth and Lizzie Lee (more recently called Elizabeth) were daughters of Augustus T. Jones, a Brockton editor, afterward city treasurer and bank official in that city. Both were graduated from Wellesley College. Bertha is an artist, whose pen and ink work has brought her into prominence. Her husband was the late Edward Dwight Blodgett, an Amherst graduate, who for more than thirty years was editor of the Cortland Standard. Their daughter Eleanor, likewise a graduate of Wellesley, is now an instructor in English in New York University, and their son, Edward Eveleth Blodgett, is observing the family tradition by following the newspaper profession. Elizabeth is the wife of J. Howard Field, formerly of Brockton, now of Bangor, Me. They have two daughters and a son, all married. The admiration and love which these two sisters held for my mother were most cordially reciprocated.

I might add here that our cousins Willard and Philip Hill are related to us through the fact that our mothers were Preble sisters. My paternal grandmother, Hannah D. (Hill) Jones, so far as I know, was no relation to Uncle William P. Hill's family. Strange to say, perhaps not so strange after all, Hannah Hill had two lines of Hill ancestry, which may or may not have been related to each other. It is one of the genealogical puzzles which I hope some time to solve.

Just before going to press with this pamphlet I found a long letter written under date of January 13, 1884, from Washington to mother by Mrs. Ella F. Inman, of Stoneham, a former teacher in the Wells school, from which I will quote only the first and last paragraphs:

"My dear—If your right ear could have burned every time you have been thought and spoken of since I came here, it would be in a chronic state of inflammation by this time. Your friendship for me — your relations as teacher

— and your brave struggle in the world have all been themes on which I have delighted to discourse and my friends have been pleased to hear."

"I do not forget you, I assure you, and you shame me very often by your bravery and courage and faith. Write me again if you feel able, but don't overtax yourself. Affectionately, E. F. I."

Mother died on the morning of March 4, 1913, a few hours before the inauguration of President Wilson. Her grandchildren, Rebecca, Robert and Laura Jones, lost their other grandmother, Mrs. James M. Burckes, exactly four years before. Mrs. Burckes died on the morning of March 4, 1909, the day that President Taft was inaugurated. Three years to a day after my mother's death, her sister Sarah (Mrs. William P. Hill) died March 4, 1916.

By another strange coincidence two widows by the name of Ellen F. Jones died on the same day, March 4, 1913, both of them advanced in years, and both were buried in Mount Auburn on the same afternoon, March 6.

In Conclusion

Briefly, and yet at some length, I have told the story of my parents.

On account of the early death of my father, I have been unable to describe his personality from my own knowledge. All that I ever heard about him, however, was favorable in the extreme. A serious-minded boy, he was accustomed to work and responsibility from his childhood. He became an able, upright and purposeful young man, a loving husband, and an indulgent father. Often I heard my mother say that if he had lived, we would have been spoiled children, so deeply attached was he to his three small boys.

Joys and sorrows, long years of hard work, worries and responsibilities which she bore with Christian faith and fortitude, were the lot of our beloved mother. Fortunately, she lived long enough to enjoy some of the earthly rewards of her unselfish service. She died, as she often expressed the desire, without ever becoming infirm or dependent on the care of others. If I have been too modest in speaking in her praise, let me add this one sentence: No more unselfish woman ever lived than my mother.

W. P. J.

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